

Hot Tears

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Summary: I slowly looked up a sight of true horror was before me. I flung open the rest of the door. I resided my hand over my mouth and I gasped at the sight. My heart stopped. What did she do for him to cause himself so much pain? AU and OC

Hot Tears

Hot tears ran down my face as I walked towards the little house. I saw her standing there with an evil smirk on her face. Anger filled every part of my body down to my feet, through my arms and to the tips of my small but noticeable wings.

'How could you do this to him!?' I screamed at her, my voice hoarse.

Not knowing what was fueling my anger I picked up the pace of my feet as headed towards her. I flung my right hand behind me in full aim to slap her. _Sswwwaaackkk_. She flung her head aside; her long hair now covered her face. Every sound after that was quiet. She slowly lifted her head back to look at me.

My hand was throbbing from the attack but filled adrenalin I only felt half the pain. A big red mark now covered a large portion of her face.

She was not crying but small tears ran from her anger ridden eyes down her cheeks. We were stuck in a stare for what seemed hours. I stood there, breathing hard, standing my ground. She just looked back at me as the pain sunk into her face. Nothing was said. In a fast motion she ran off through the trees. I never saw her after that day, know one did.

I stood there for a few minutes trying to make sense of my thoughts and actions. It flickered in my brain why I was really here. I looked at the open door to the house, I could see the long hall way to his bedroom, I had always wanted to see what it was like but I never

thought of going in.

I started walking fast again towards the door. I started running though the dusk lit hallway. The dim light of my halo help illuminate ordinary things like other doors leading to long abandoned rooms and ripped landscape paintings, some hung askew, some sitting where they had fallen.

I felt the wind rush through my wings as I ran; I felt the muscles where they joined my back ache. When I was angry or upset they seemed to tense and now in my rage the pain was almost paralyzing my back.

I turned a sharp corner, now I could see a door at the very end of the path that I was running. A flickering light was my beckon in reaching it. I ran faster knowing I needed to get there.

I stopped just short of the door. I stood there for a few seconds catching my breath. I gently pushed the door, looking down at my feet as I did this. The old door gave a slight creek.

I slowly looked up; a sight of true horror was before me. I flung open the rest of the door. I resided my hand over my mouth and I gasped at the sight. My heart stopped.

Thick, dry, Blood was splashed on the walls, smeared in an obvious struggle. Hand prints of blood lined the window sill. I looked at the floor in front of me, I burnt out halo was lying, abandoned, a hand print of blood was evidence that someone had once held it.

The heart in my chest seemed ten times as big and was beating hard in my through as I scanned the small, old fashioned room. Things were trough everywhere, smashed. I looked at the stained sheets of the bed, and then I noticed something else. He, he was sitting in the far left corner of the room, his head in his knees. I gasped as I moved in such a room like this towards him. Then I noticed something else, all though out the small room, some covered with spots of slatted dry blood, others soakedâ€¦|.

'Feathers.' I whispered to my myself.

I moved around the bed to the corner where he was sitting, his shirt on his back was ripped, covered in fresh, light red, blood, a pool of it accumulated underneath him. I kneeled down to see him, as I reached out to place my hand on his thick black hair, I could feel the liquid soke into the folds of my dress.

Just before I touched his head, I looked to the left of him. The cause of all the blood shed. Two stick like objects lay; they were hard to make out in the dim light, covered in damaged feathers, encrusted with red blood. I closed my eyes, I didn't know what to think, and one million things ran in my head.

I opened my eyes and reached out my hand to touch his back. I felt the rip in this shirt. I moved my hand slightly and felt wet skin in a slight depression, I turned my head to see what I was, and tears flowed down my face as I saw the still bleeding wound where a wing once was. Flaps of skin was all the remained. I closed my eyes and wept slightly.

Something stopped me after a few seconds, I heard it, I leaned closer to his still body, he was still breathing.

I moved closer, and lifted up his head in my bloody hands, his eyes where closed I could see that his soft cheeks where covered in dry tears.

As a late reaction to me moving him, he opened his eyes. I looked into them, a look a fear across my face. His once warm dark eyes were now bloodshot and his pupils dilated in pain. His eyes flicked round my face to make out who I was. His dry lips mouthed my name. I moved closer in to hug him a made sure that my hands were lower on his back as not to touch the place where his warm, soft, wings once were. I took the weight of his almost limp body in my arms. We sat there in the pool of blood.

I got hysterical.

'It will be ok, you will be fine, every thing will beâ€¦.' I said my voice shaking. I didn't finish the sentence because I knew there was little chance of it becoming true.

He started crying on my shoulder, his breaths were now sharp I lifted him off me so I could see his face; he looked down at the pool.

'Whyâ€¦..didâ€¦..Iâ€¦â€¦?'' his voice was so soft. I leaned in closer to make the words out.

I lifted his head with my hand on his chin, I once again looked his eyes, never had he cried in someone's presence. I, with my other hand I gently wiped

away the few tears that were lingering on his cheeks. I wrapped my arms around him again. With some of the strength he had left he moved his arms around me.

He silently wept. I tried to cram him down by making a soft 'shhhh' sound in his ear. We sat there for what seemed like hours. The candle had almost burnt down.

I looked slightly to the left of me; my head still resting on his shoulder gently so I didn't cause more pain. The bed was untidy, splatter with rust color blood, covering the messy sheets.

I moved his body off me and rested his head on his knees like where I found him, he was still breathing. Thank goodness.

I looked down at his legs. Blood had seeped into his pants making them look wet. I looked his feet. I moved closer and proceeded to take off his large black boots. I took them both off and placed them neatly on the other side of me. I then moved over to him and held my hand under his knees and on his back. I got ready to left him up, moving my slightly numb feet to stand up. His body was limp apart from his arms and this made him heavier. I stumbled onto the small bed and rested him there on his side. I lay next to him.

The candle had burnt out, but I could still see his body in the full moonlight that sneaked through the window. He opened his eyes and moved his hand to touch my face. I gasped at the fact his hands where

going cold. I sat my hand on top of his on my face. I had one last look in is dark, black eyes as he closed them. I closed mine too and moved closer to his head so I could hear the slightest breath escaping his body.

'Thank you' he whispered; the words were almost silent as the sound traveled to my ears. In and out, in and out â€| breathing ever so softly as he took his last.

I knew it had happened, I had heard it. I opened my eyes to see his face in front of me, I held his limp hand in mine. I softly kissed his forehead and lay there still, as the sun rose.

This is dedicated to Brian

Thanks for reading

Samantha

End
file.